

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1852.

NUMBER 37.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY EVENING, BY
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail. . . \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village. . . 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00. 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00. 1 column 1 " 20.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00. 1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1852.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Mich.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c. &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets.
Grand Haven, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c. &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.
Water Street, Grand Haven.
WM. M. FERRY, JR. } WM. M. FERRY.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fan-
cy Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dyes, Groceries, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c. &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provisions;
manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c. &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOYER.
The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HARRY EA-
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent room-
s well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Circuit Court
Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office third
door west of the Washington House.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business intrusted to his care. Office over H.
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

JAMES BARNES, Carpenter and Joiner. All
kinds of work done on reasonable terms; plans
and specifications, if desired, will be given on
application to me, free of charge. I will also
furnish Glass, Putty, Paint, Nails, together with
all kinds of trimmings for buildings. If ordered,
Shop, a few rods north-east of the Washington
House. Grand Haven, Mich.

H. G. SMITH, Blacksmith. All kinds of work
in my line done to order, and no trust for pay.
Shop south of C. B. Albee's Tannery, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders prompt-
ly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney
for Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

THE HOURS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The hours are viewless angels,
And still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar
Our heart's deep flower cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly on by pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly on with drooping wing,
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before his throne—
The tale is told in Heaven.

And we may talk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
This mission flight by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly Father,
To spend each flying hour,
That as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

THE LAST OF THE "BOSTON TEA PARTY."

While we write, the remains of David Kinnison, the last of that famous company of brave, daring men who composed the world renowned Boston Tea Party, lies a few blocks distant from our office, clad in the vesture of the tomb. The death of one who bore so conspicuous a part in those early struggles for freedom, the fruits of which we daily and hourly enjoy, but which it is to be feared, we do not fully appreciate, has impressed the public mind with unusual solemnity, and there is much solicitude to learn the particulars of the history of the man, who, while living amongst us attracted, we are sorry to say, but little of the public attention and interest. Friends, however, the old man had.—What the public should have performed as an act of duty and gratitude, a private family, bound to the old man by no other ties than those of a common humanity, voluntarily assumed, and, careless of their own comfort and ease, for ten long years they watched over him with all the tenderness and assiduity that could have been expected of them had they been his own offspring. Let our citizens remember Mr. and Mrs. William C. Mack!

Some three years ago, at the solicitation of Mr. Lossing, who was then engaged upon a work that he has since published, under the title of "Field Notes of the Revolution," we took down from the old gentleman's lips a brief narrative of his life, the substance of which we proceed to lay before the readers of the Tribune.

David Kinnison was born the 17th of November 1736, in Old Kingston, near Portsmouth, Province of Maine, and was consequently one hundred and fifteen years, three months and seven days old, at the time of his death. Soon after his birth, his parents removed to Bentwood, and thence in a few years to Lebanon (Maine), at which place he followed the business of farming until the commencement of the Revolutionary war. He was descended from a long lived race. His great grandfather, who came from England at an early day, and settled in Maine, lived to a very advanced age; his grandfather attained the age of one hundred and twelve years and ten days; his father died at the age of one hundred and three years and nine months; his mother died while he was young. He has had four wives, neither of whom is now living; he had four children by his first wife, and eighteen by his second; none by the last two. He was taught to read after he was sixty years of age, by his grand daughter, and learned to sign his name while a soldier of the Revolution, which was all the writing he ever accomplished.

Sometime previous to the celebrated "Tea Party" himself and sixteen others, inhabitants of Lebanon, organized themselves into a political club. They were in the habit of holding secret meetings for the purpose of deliberating upon the grievances imposed upon the colonies by the mother country.

These meetings were held at the tavern of one "Colonel Gooding," in a private room hired for the occasion. The landlord, though a true American; was not enlightened as to the object of their meeting. Similar clubs were formed in Philadelphia, Boston, and the towns around.—With these the Lebanon Club kept up a correspondence. They (the Lebanon Club) determined, whether assisted or not, to destroy the tea in Boston Harbor, at all hazards.

They repaired to Boston, where they were joined by others; and twenty-four disguised as Indians, boarded the vessels, twelve armed with muskets and bayonets, the rest with tomahawks and clubs, having first agreed, whatever might be the result, to stand by each other to the last, and that the first man who faltered should be knocked on the head and thrown over with the tea. They expected to have a fight, and did not doubt that an effort would be made for their arrest. "But," (in the language of the old man) "we cared no more for our lives than three straws and were determined to throw the tea overboard. We were all captains, and every one commanded himself." They pledged themselves to each other, that in no event, while it was dangerous to do so, would they reveal the names of the party, a pledge which was faithfully observed until the war of the Revolution was brought to successful issue.

Mr. Kinnison was in actual service during the whole war, only returning home once from the time of the destruction of the tea, until peace had been declared. He participated in the affair at Lexington, and, with his father and two brothers, was at the battle of Bunker Hill, all four escaping unhurt. He was within a few feet of Warren when that officer fell. He was also engaged in the siege of Boston; the battles of Long Island, White Plains, and Fort Mifflin; skirmishes on Staten Island, the battles of Stillwater, Red Bank, and Germantown; and lastly, in a skirmish at Saratoga Springs, in

which his company (scouts) were surrounded and captured by about three hundred Mohawk Indians. He remained a prisoner with them one year and seven months, about the end of which time peace was declared. After the war he settled at Danville, in Vermont, and engaged in his old occupation of farming. He resided there eight years, and then removed to Wells, in the State of Maine, where he remained until the commencement of the last war with Great Britain. He was in service during the whole of that war, and was in the battles of Sacket's Harbor and Williamsburg. In the latter conflict he was badly wounded in the hand by a grape shot, the only injury which he received in all his engagements.

After the close of this war, he settled at Lyme in the State of New York, removing some years subsequently to Sacket's Harbor in the same State. At the former place while engaged in falling a tree, he was struck down by a falling limb which fractured his skull, broke his collar bone and two of his ribs. While attending a military review at Sacket's Harbor, some years afterwards, the contents of a cannon loaded with rotten wood, were discharged against a fence rail close by him, carrying it around, and breaking and shattering both his legs midway between his ankles and knees. He was confined a long time by this wound, and when able again to walk his legs had contracted permanent fever sores. To add to his misfortunes, frequent and violent attacks of rheumatism, drew one of his hips entirely out of joint, while a kick from a horse, on the forehead, left a scar which disfigured him for life. In his own words he "had been completely bungled up and stove in."

Several years since he lost all sight of his family. In 1848 he thought that seven of his twenty-two children were living—they were scattered from Canada to Oregon. Last year very unexpectedly, he was visited by two of his children, who had learned the place of his residence through the newspaper publications. One of them, Mrs. Wheeler, lived near Oswego, N. Y., the other, a son, led a secluded life, in the woods, some eight or ten miles back of Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

He came to Chicago, with the family of Mr. Mack, in July 1845. Up to 1848 he was able to perform more or less labor. In 1847, he assured us, he "gathered one hundred bushels of corn dug potatoes, made hay and harvested oats."—Mr. Kinnison had evidently been a very muscular man. Although not large, his frame was one of great power. He liked to boast of his strength in former years. Twelve years ago, he informed us, he had lifted a barrel of rum into a wagon, with ease. His height was five feet ten inches, with an expansive chest broad shoulders. For twenty months previous to his death he was bed-ridden. Prior to that time, however, his step was as firm and he seemed possessed of as much vigor, as is common to men a full half century younger. His eye was usually somewhat dim and heavy, but when excited by the recollection of his past eventful life, it would twinkle and roll in its socket with remarkable activity. His memory of recent events was not good, but the stirring scenes through which he passed in his youth, appeared to be mapped out upon his mind in unfading colors. He was fond of martial music. The drum and fife of the recruiting service, daily put new life into him.—"In fact," as he said to us, "it's the sweetest music in the world. There's some sense in the drum, and fife, and bugle, but these pianos and other such trash, I can't stand." Many years ago, he was troubled with partial deafness; his sight also failed him somewhat and he was compelled to use glasses. Of late years both hearing and sight returned to him as perfectly as he ever possessed them. He was playful and cheerful in his disposition. We have seen him, for hours upon the side walk with the little children, entering with uncommon zest into their childish pastimes.

Such was David Kinnison, as we saw him, and as we obtained his history from himself. His life was truly an eventful one, and, in his un cultivated way, he seems to have met its duties with a stout heart and strong will. In his late years he became religious. During his residence here he was connected with the Canal street Methodist Church, maintaining his christian character and standing in it to the last. His end was peaceful. With faculties unclouded, he passed from the scenes of earth to the glories of that "better land." Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory! [Chicago Gem.]

A KOSKUTH DILEMMA.—The Pittsburgh Chronicle publishes the following, which gives some insight to the mode of investment of the Koskuth contributions:

"At the festival held in this city, last week, to raise funds for Hungary, there were about \$3,500 taken in. The committee who had control of these funds, deducted some twelve or fifteen hundred dollars for expenses, and offered the balance to Koskuth, which he indignantly refused, observing, very truly, at the same time, that the whole amount was intended for Hungary, and none of it to defray expenses. This logical conclusion of the logical Magyar, was conclusive and unanswerable. It unhorsed the committee completely, they scratched their heads in strange confusion and appeared perfectly overwhelmed with the terse knock down response of the eloquent stranger. The answer was, indeed to them, the most remarkable hit of rhetoric that they had heard drop from his eloquent lips."

PARENTAL ADVICE.—The following advice was imparted to the late ex-President Adams, by his mother, in 1778, in a letter to him while he was in Europe: "Great learning and superior abilities, should you every possess them, will be of little value and of small estimation, unless virtue, honor, integrity, and truth, are cherished by you. Adhere to the rules and principles early instilled into your mind, and remember that you are responsible to your God. Dear as you are to me, I would much rather prefer that you would find a grave in the ocean which you have crossed, than to see you an immoral, graceless child."

Imaginary happiness is the most deceptive, it always hopes, but never grasps its object.

MR. EDITOR:—The facts stated by your Washington correspondent last week, in reference to dead letters, reminds me of the following anecdote, related in the "Postal Guide," for September:

"The Postmaster of Saratoga, not long since mailed a sweet potato, of the weight of about three ounces or six rates, (eighteen cents prepaid, or thirty cents if not prepaid). It was enclosed in a letter, written on embossed note paper, and in a neat and apparently female hand, as follows:

A token of love,
Dear Johnny, for thee;
Pray take it and cook it,
And eat it for me.

This letter is now in the dead letter office."

Now, Mr. Editor, *en passant*, it just occurs to me to say that for "Dear Johnny" to allow this letter to be sent to Washington, shows an amazing insensibility to sweet things. A man so destitute of the organs of *alimentaryness* and *adhesiveness*, ought to be hung with a white gauze ribbon, and pelted with potato pogpuns till he confesses his belief in witchery and valentines.

POINTER.

RULES IN AN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.—1. Come in at all times. What business has he to be private?

2. Take his papers with perfect freedom.—What use can he have for them?

3. If you bring in a long communication just "to fill his paper," insist on reading and discussing it. Why shouldn't he be glad to spend an hour in listening?

4. If you see his exchanges piled up in an orderly manner on his table, seize and scatter them all over the floor, and then be sure to spit a great mouthful of tobacco juice on them. What business has he to be particular?

5. If you find his chair vacant at any time, squat in it, and never think of moving until you hear the devil cry for "copy" five or six times. Why should he wish to keep his stationery and scizzoring from his visitors?

6. If you find any books in his library that suit your eye, borrow them, and never think of returning them. The editor would take it as an insult.

THE WOMEN OF SYRIA.—It is impossible to paint with the pen the admirable and picturesque groups of richness of costume and beauty that these women form in the country. Every day I see faces of young girls or of women such as Raphael never pictured even in his artist dreams; it is much more than Grecian or Italian beauty—it is purity of lines, delicacy of contour; in a word, all that Rome and Greece have left us of most perfect; and this is rendered still more intoxicating by a primitive innocence and simplicity of expression, by a serene and voluptuous languor, by a celestial light that their blue eyes fringed with dark lashes, throw over the features, and by an ingenuousness of smile, a harmony of proportion, an animated whiteness of the skin, an indescribable transparency of complexion, a metallic lustre of the hair, a grace of movement, a strangeness of attitude and musical vibration of the voice, which of a young Syrian a Hour of Paradise to the eyes. These varied and admirable beauties are almost extremely common. [De Larmatine's Pilgrimage.]

A country Clergyman, who, in the matrimonial lottery, had drawn much worse than a blank, and without the patience of Socrates, had to encounter the turbulent spirit of Xantippe, was interrupted in the middle of a certain lecture, by the arrival of a pair, requesting his assistance to introduce them to the blessed state of wedlock. The poor priest, actuated at the moment by his own feelings and particular experience, rather than a sense of canonical duty, opened the book and began: "Man that is born of a Woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble, &c." repeating the burial service. The astonished bride-groom exclaimed, "Sir!—Sir!—you mistake, I came here to be married, not buried!"—Well, replied the clergyman, if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you, but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried.

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.—A youth seeking employment went to one of our large cities, and on inquiring at a certain counting-room if they wished a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had, one of which was from a highly respectable citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over his carpet bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor. "What book is that?" said the merchant. "It is the Bible, sir" was the reply. "And what are you going to do with that book in New York?" The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face, and replied, "I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it," and burst into tears. The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.

He only is worthy of esteem, that knows what is just and honest and dares do it; that master of his own passions, and seems to be a slave to another. Such a one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and merits more respect, than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.

A young buck of the soap-lock order, who wore an unshaved face, because, he said, it looked foreign—lately accosted a Yankee at one of our hotels, as follows:

"I say, fellow, some individuals take me for a Frenchman, and some take me for an Etalayan; now what do you think I am?"
"I think you are a damned fool!" replied Jonathan.

BAD THOUGHTS.—Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

A MAXIM OF WASHINGTON.—"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, *conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstance so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account-book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as an ample guaranty of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

BETRAY NOT CONFIDENCE.—For once that secrecy is formally imposed upon you, it is implied a hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All that your friend says to you, as to his friend, is intrusted to you. Much of what man tells you in the hour of affliction, in sudden anger, should be kept sacred. In his craving for sympathy, he has spoken to you as his own soul.

To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse, is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish. Commonly you relate but a part of what has happened, and even if you are able to relate that part with fairness, it is still as likely to be misconstrued as a word of many meanings, in a foreign tongue without the context.

There are few conversations which do not imply some degree of mutual confidence, however slight. And in addition to that which is said in confidence, there is generally something which is peculiar, though not confidential; which is addressed to the present company alone, though not confided to their secrecy. It is meant for them, and they are expected to understand it rightly.

THE SLANDERER.—The slanderous woman poisons the atmosphere of her entire neighborhood, and blasts the sanctities of a thousand homes with a single breath. From a woman of this class nothing is sacred; she fattens upon calumny and slandered reputations. She is the ghoul of an Eastern story, transferred from the Arabian Nights to the fireside circle. She never asserts anything—she merely hints, and supposes, and whispers that *they say*. Every neighborhood in the city is infested with some creature of this sort, and in country towns they are often afflicted with two or three of the ghoul women. One is enough to set a hundred families by the ears; two can break up a church; three are sufficient for any kind of mischief, from the separating the husband from his wife, to blasting the fame of a stainless girl. A pure woman is simply an angel embodied in the human shape; a slanderous woman is something worse than cholera—certainly as infectious as the yellow fever.

"There is but one way of securing universal equality to man—and that is, to regard every honest employment as honorable, and then for every man to learn in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, and to fulfil with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and make every condition a post of honor."

Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable do they make life. Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

A rich bachelor of New Jersey, recently died, leaving by will several legacies of from ten to twenty-five dollars each, to ladies whom he had addressed, but who rejected him. He said that they had afterwards grown so ugly that he could not be sufficiently grateful.

We have at various times read "Extracts from the blue laws of Connecticut," but the following, published in N. J. Eagle, caps the climax:

"Any barrel of New Beer, that is caught working on the Sabbath, shall be tied up and publicly whipped."

Cherish a love for justice, truth, self-control, benevolence. Swerve not from the right for any present advantage. In all circumstances show thyself a man in unflinching rectitude.

It is difficult to conceive any thing more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

A distinguished merchant, a great judge of character, once said, "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him. Such a one cannot be trusted."

"Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity." [Addison.]

A sharp talking lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her mouth. "My dear," responded the wife, "it is against the law to carry concealed weapons."

"What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth for one day, to ask her pardon upon my knees, for all those asks by which I gave her gentle spirit pain."